



PROMETHEUS

*He gave man speech, And speech created thought,
Which is the measure of the universe.*

Volume V—Issue 4

GREENFIELD COMMUNITY COLLEGE

December 1966

PRECEDENTS SET AT G.C.C. NEWSPAPER RECEIVES HIGHEST HONORS

Word was received last week that Prometheus had won the Highest Achievement award Scholastic Editing and Publishing in the New England Scholastic Press Association contest held at Boston University this fall.

The award is the highest of three given. Entries were based on school enrollment figures.

Prometheus was competing against more than 130 junior colleges and universities from all over New England. Although there is a limit to how many awards may be given in each class, only three were chosen to receive this highest achievement award.

The criteria for judgement are as follows:

1. layout and typography—general.
2. photography and captions.
3. overall coverage of college activities.
4. features.

Way Below Goal

It is apparent from attendance figures and general impressions that the Cultural Events Program is not doing as well as it should. Many students do not seem aware of the program. For a token fee of \$4.00, any interested student can gain admission to various well-known plays and fourteen popular films. Also Mr. Greene is directing a series of concerts featuring known musicians and some enterprising local talent. Were the student to seek admission to each event separately, the total cost would be \$10.50.

But apathy seems to be the keynote in what is an opportunity never previously afforded the student body at G.C.C. This seems paradoxical, for it's unusual to find people that don't enjoy this sort of entertainment.

To those who realize the merits of the program and wish to know the benefits they would be directing to the school, here are the facts and figures of the undertaking.

The goal of the Cultural Events Program is gross receipts totaling \$2500 to \$3000. Although we have raised \$1800, \$1300 of this was immediately available from the Student Activities fee, leaving a gain of \$500 from the sale of the CEP's. The \$1800 will go toward the production of all cultural events. \$500 of this was used to purchase a Baby Grand piano which is a fine addition to the present setup and will continue as such upon moving to the new campus. The two drama productions will cost an estimated \$1300.

Obviously, the program needs more financial backing. Were the school and community to respond as one would have reason to expect them to re-

spond, this problem would be solved. Publicity and subsequent increased sale, along with a greater amount of funds from the Student Activity fees are needed. In Mr. Keir's words, "We have been gratified in the support of the Cultural Events Program, but more people of the school and community could and should support the program. We feel the program merits their support."

Intruders Ransack Office, Snack Bar

Thieves broke into Greenfield Community College sometime during last Monday night or early the next morning and made away with a small amount of money from the cigarette machine and badly damaged the casings on the doors of the main office and the Snack Bar in the process.

The break was discovered by Mrs. Ellie Stebbins, office secretary, who reported that the desk drawers in the main office had been ransacked and the papers left on Mr. Joseph DeMasi's desk were scattered on the floor.

During the course of the day, Sgt. Edward G. Yourga of the Greenfield Police Department made a tour through the school to investigate the damage. A carpenter was called in to repair the casings on the doors.

The break at the college was one of four in the area; other establishments also reported that their cigarette machines had been tampered with. About \$38 was taken in all. Tools and gas were also taken in the rash of lawless entries at the four establishments and a stolen car was recovered almost as soon as it was reported missing Monday.

No leads have been reported as yet.



Greene Elected to Head Alumni Association

Dennis Greene of Greenfield, a 1966 graduate of G.C.C., has been named the new president of the Alumni Association during the first annual Homecoming, held at the Weldon Hotel. It was attended by 50 alumni, administrators, and faculty members. Later they saw the November 19 production of *A View From the Bridge*.

Other officers elected include, Robert Decker, '66, of South Deerfield, vice-president; Mary Call, '66, of Greenfield, secretary and Fred Bowman, '66, of Erving, treasurer. Norman MacLeod, '66, of Erving, was appointed coordinator.

The president of the College, Dr. Lewis O. Turner, reported on plans for the new campus in the Meadows.

The Association now has about 150 members, and it will hold its first formal meeting with Dr. Turner next week to formulate plans for the near future.



The oils of Mrs. Antoinette Zera are currently on display in the GCC auditorium. Comments have been in general that her work is amateurish, her colors flat, and her paintings bland and lifeless. She tends toward fine detail to an extreme and conveys little or no emotion. Mrs. Zera has only been painting a little over two years. She is a resident of Greenfield.

GCC Photo By TUNG

Franklin County Trust Co.
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Greenfield Community College Students
OPEN YOUR PERSONAL CHECKING ACCOUNT HERE
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"The Bank with the Chime Clock"
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College Accredited



Responsible in part for our nomination for accreditation was this committee, flanked on the left by Dr. Turner and on the right by Dr. Padgug, which spent three days evaluating the college.

GCC Photo By Aiken

Prestige seems the order of the day for Greenfield Community College, now an accepted, accredited member of the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

The appointment came through at the association's 81st annual meeting in Boston Dec. 2.

Dr. Lewis O. Turner, Dr. Jacob Padgug, Charles Greene and Robert Keir attended the meeting. Meanwhile, everyone back at the college began to pace the floors, waiting for THE CALL.

Still terribly excited about the results of what represents a year's work involving the entire faculty and staff, Dr. Padgug said that the tension began to build in the afternoon as the business meeting dragged on and while they sat through the luncheon and listened to the speaker.

Then the business meeting began.

"Luckyly we were on the first page," said Dr. Padgug.

Upon hearing the acceptability of our qualifications, he immediately left the auditorium and phoned the college where the news spread as if carried

personally by Mercury. Within two or three minutes of the time of the actual announcement, the college was informed.

But accreditation also carries its responsibilities, especially to members of your faculty and administration, to maintain this high scholastic code. Now, too, they might be called on from a similar point of view to evaluate other institutions. They now have a voice formulating Association policy.

Accreditation means also that what we knew always, the public now knows—that we can take pride in what we are doing and how we are doing it. The pride in this college has now been vindicated, justified and enhanced. GCC has made its mark on the world, recognized by the entire academic community.

Several notes and telegrams have come in offering their congratulations.

Accreditation means lots of other things, too. For one thing, he stressed that while there has been little trouble with transfer credits, now there can be no question of them.

(Continued on page 3)

Former Student To India

Bethany M. Lively, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest E. Lively of RFD #1, Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts, has been named a Peace Corps Volunteer after completing 13 weeks of training by the University of Pennsylvania at Camp Shawnee in the Pocono Mountains. She is a 1965 graduate of G.C.C., where she was editor of the yearbook and contributor to the literary magazine.

Miss Lively is one of more than 500 Volunteers trained this summer and fall to aid in India's food production and nutrition programs.

Bethany's group of 50 is scheduled to leave for India on December 13 and will work in the western state of Gujarat. Their assignment is to promote the use of hybrid seed and work in basic nutrition, vegetable gardening and poultry. They will be assigned to rural villages.

During their training in Pennsylvania, the new Volunteers studied the Gujarati language,



Indian history and culture, U.S. history and world affairs, and agriculture extension methods.

With this group's arrival about 1,200 Volunteers will be at work in India. Besides agriculture, Peace Corps projects there include education, health, and small industries.

EDITORIALS

Beware The Santa Syndrome

The downtown lights glitter and shine gaily from frosty windows; stores display their finest holiday array. People are rushing here and there, smiling, laughing, buying this for Susan and that for Jack. You join the throng and are caught up in the sights and sounds of the season. There's something in the air—hard to describe, but it's there.

Walk down Main St. in Greenfield, especially at night, with the golden lights twinkling above the street, waiting expectantly for snow and listen to the gay carols coming from the Common.

But do us a favor. Wait until the street is deserted, till the shoppers have lugged their purchases home. Then step out onto the stark pavement.

Something's wrong, isn't it? You knew all along, but it takes the emptiness of a deserted street at Christmas time to make you see it. Dead leaves and old newspapers chase each other through the alley ways.

Look—there down the street—see that old man with the snow-white hair tousled around his ears, red with the cold? Watch him slowly get up and stamp his feet to bring the warm current of life back into them. With one last hopeless gesture, he shakes that little bell he's carrying, the one he's rung all night as he sat on the street corner. Watch him closely. Did you see him reach deep into that ragged coat and slip something into the kettle that isn't too heavy? His wife died many Christmases ago, and tonight, like always, that bent figure will visit her grave before he goes home to his empty apartment, alone.

But he was doing something—fighting a different kind of war with a different kind of army.

Yes, there's something awfully wrong with this Christmas. And the answer is simple, kiddies. We're still waiting for Santa Claus, and that magical sleigh and toys for every good little boy and girl. But Santa Claus is dead, children. And that story about every good little child, etc.—well, that's a lie! Did that hurt? Good.

We here at GCC have done nothing. Oh, there's a pretty tree in the main lobby and some elegant affair planned for Dec. 21. Sounds kind of

hollow and meaningless, doesn't it?

And all the while, newspapers have been carrying stories with appeals for old toys to fix up and money to help the Toy For Joy Fund reach its goal. For the sad but true fact is this—it is money—cold, hard cash and work and love that puts a toy into the hand of every child, not the list of good deeds he so faithfully and trustingly mails to the North Pole.

The Toy for Joy fund in Springfield is two-thirds short of its goal. Many children face a sad Christmas.

Two students at GCC are trying to put that magical glow back into Christmas by writing to servicemen stationed in Viet Nam and sending each a Yuletide card. Two students.

You don't want to hear any more, you say. And you don't like the streets after the stores are closed. Very well. But, before you go, do us one last favor. Walk down to the common and just stand there a few minutes. Listen to the church bells chime in the icy night and look at the scene in the manger and the statues and that star, strangely brilliant in the cloudless sky. Remember the words to that carol? Something about peace on earth, good will to men. Now go on home before you catch cold.

Disillusioned

At year's end, we of the *Prometheus* staff find the urge to reminisce irresistible. The sad truth is, we cannot bear to look ahead.

Last year's graduating class was alive, involved; they got things done and we, who were then freshmen, admired and wanted to be just like them.

Next month, the freshmen reporters on this newspaper are scheduled to take over as editors. But we have only a handful of freshmen, not nearly enough to do the work required of them. And they haven't even begun to learn all that they must know.

This present staff has worked hard and put a lot of blood and tears into *Prometheus*. We shudder to think in whose care we are entrusting it.

Perhaps you don't want a student newspaper? Perhaps you haven't even thought about it. Yep, it's sure a pretty sorry Freshman class. We are through making excuses for you and tired of waiting for you. We who will graduate wonder only this—did we somehow fail you, or have you indeed failed us?

A Touch of Home

Two girls at Greenfield Community College have a sore spot in their hearts for our servicemen in Viet Nam and writers cramp in their hands.

Thinking of the dismal Christmas those soldiers will be spending so far from home and in the steaming jungle, they resolved to send each one they could a Christmas card and a cheery wish for happy holidays.

Sherri Spooner and Marcia MacLeod report that they have over 500 names to date. They will be posing them on the main Bulletin Board so anyone who wishes to may write them.

Sherri said that they felt like they weren't doing anything. Then they hit on this idea. But they expressed regret that people had found out who they were. "We had wanted to remain anonymous," she said.

Anybody knowing anyone now
(Continued on page 3)

Assassination Reappraised

This is the first of two parts of an analysis of the facts and theories behind the late President Kennedy's assassination as compiled by Bruce Hedquist.

Next issue, he will describe and report the Warren Commission's stand on this touchy situation.

—EDITOR

Recently, *Life* magazine presented an article in which Governor John Connally of Texas argued that two separate bullets were responsible for the late President's initial wound and his own. Connally used the famous "Zapruder Film" to support his argument. However, after studying the significant portion of the film frame by frame, I have decided that Connally neglected two important points. If these two oversights are applied to the analysis of the film a conclusion supporting the "one bullet" theory of the Warren Commission may be easily drawn.

The body of Connally's argument is his assertion that he was hit by a different bullet approximately one second later than JFK. Since the time difference was still less than the minimum 2.3 seconds required for a recocking of the weapon (as found by the F.B.I.), the Governor theorizes that another assassin was responsible for his wound.

Secondly, Connally maintains that he was facing 45° diagonally to the right at the moment of JFK's initial injury, thus inhibiting a single bullet from traveling the path that the actual bullet took through his body. Although the film can not validate this assertion, I will assume that the Governor was in this position when JFK was hit.

The prime point that was overlooked, in Connally's analysis, is the amount of time lag between stimulation of nerve fibres and the conscious awareness of such, a differential commonly known as a neural delay. In other words, the sensation of pain does not always instantly follow the injury. This delay, which can be as much as several seconds, is dependent upon the pre-occupation level of the mind, variance in neural sensitivity and the particular location of the injury.

The significance of the "Zapruder Film" is its ability to show precise time spans for various actions. With this filmed record as my guide, I will attempt to disprove Connally's two-point argument and show how a single bullet could have injured both men. Also, one must keep in mind that an exact time of bullet impact upon Kennedy cannot be determined. However, proof that he was hit sometime between frame #206 and frame #222, 0.88 seconds later, has been given. Nevertheless, it is reasonable to use the median frame, #214, as the estimated time for the purpose of this discussion.

The first significant frame, #223 (0.495 seconds after impact), shows no apparent reaction by Connally, although JFK is beginning to react by raising his arms towards the injured neck. In frame #225 (0.110 seconds later), Connally is beginning to manifest a reaction, the rightward twisting of his torso. Although he claims this move was voluntary, doubt rises since a voluntary turning would have his head in phase, if not leading, the torso. But as indicated, Connally's head is lagging, almost remaining static in a span of three frames,

World Column

MEIN KAMPF

By John Foley

L.B.J.'s real fine at pulling beagle's ears and pulling off theatrical capers (that's all right, George) . . . he's a regular chanicleer (Mulier est hominis confusio). How's he work? Well, forget it, he doesn't! He's influenced, he shoots 'til he wins. Really, I guess it must be discouraging if you're from Texas. There should be another amendment or temperance of a different sort—temperance for the actions of the chief executive. Too bad Carrie Nation isn't around; seems lately her love partner, Lizzie Borden and the Wife of Bath are. We are part of a society greatly decaying—any doubt? Look at the Roman civilization. Throwing darts at ideals, however, is like shooting at a moving dartboard. Yah, unfortunately, blindness is a pretty but prevalent disease at the moment—ask John and Mary, they've known. As I sit here cursing society, roses are still sweet-smelling and generally rosy. But take a look at the poppies in the proverbial Flanders Fields; actually I don't like poppies either. So what is the heirarchy seeking but a happy medium? And what

has ever been worthwhile about that? Policies are compromisers; they satisfy savagery and do-gooders to a barely tolerable extent. Montesquieu had something there—flavor it with a pinch of Nietzsche and you've got a Socialist state without pressures, false ideals, and other non-idealistic fringe non-benefits that make you say, "it's all around you." Seems that neither the ayes or nays would have that. Corporation would be entirely voluntary, in a laissez-faire medium. After all, there wouldn't even be anybody to say go ahead.

Lots of worthwhile people; lots of good, strong ideas; very few group-inspired self-contradictions; a smaller amount, thank Man, of hypocrisy. Wouldn't that be groovy? No, it wouldn't; it would be fine, Shileen, just fine.

So next time you see a Tasu Christmastine take his rightful place on a 39¢ bar of soap, let those heretical words sink in; if you fight it, forget it. If you don't forget it, Ralph, you'll fight it and Pat Boone (Vietname super-soldier) won't cut you up.

Letters to the Editor

In Reply

I would like to thank Norman Hall for his avid account of the newspaper *Prometheus* under the editorship of Marion Bliss. His comments will be greatly appreciated by all those interested in good, progressive, goal-directed journalism. She certainly imitated no one and, as Mr. Hall remarked, "the speech which dominated her issues created thought."

We who tackle the editorship of *Prometheus* at present believe that our set of journalistic morals still contains what Mr. Hall has injected into the "Age of Reason" for *Prometheus*. We claim that we imitate no Greeks, although our girl-Friday is still busy in the library examining the implications of "pseudo-intellectual left-wingism." We are also rather proud that we do not choose to imitate Miss Bliss in word, thought, or Renaissance technique. Her issues were stimulating; we try our lethargic best to make ours interesting. In the event that we seem pseudo-intellectually inclined, we apologize. In the event that we are brief and sketchy, we shall consult past issues. But in the event that we lapse into a refreshing entity that stimulates the mind, affords new, non-nostalgic patterns for thought, and possibly even subsequent conversation, we shall frame that issue and donate it to the school as an example to vile and uncompromisingly sketchy future editors. And who shall read it? Pride, Mr. Hall, "is a tale told by an idiot."

By John Foley

Poet's Corner Artist To Model

Magdalen,
I saw you in that unpopular hair,
When bristles lie with tint
And I with the disappointment
Of this inconsequential paint,
This will,
This all-too-plaster force,
Papering my Goddess
In some conventional print
Of unglamorous Daisies.
Yet, when mazes bark
To trap an intellect and sense,
I'll run around a park
Naked, but new
With you
Still in these senses.
Leave them to their pales,
I'll retain a red,
A warm and proper bed
Of expression;
Let the canvas
Moan her white, unsullied Virginity.
No Virgin confessed
Unto my easel.

By Richard Thayer

Why

Lower our skulls in shame,
Emit those wails of wrath.
To him, we're told to be the same.

Uncle we cry, yet no response.
Sequentially our mind suddenly realizes.

Freud was great but he died too.

Uncle we cry, yet no response.

Collectively we dare dissect the cow,

Kind king, why kill us now?

By Bruce Hedquist



House of Walsh

Amherst
Massachusetts
Outfitters

College Men
and Women

President's Corner

At year's end it is customary to count our blessings and to project our goals and aspirations for the new year. 1966 has been a most productive year for Greenfield Community College. We can be proud of our accomplishments. The College has continued to grow in size and to improve in quality.

Planning for the new campus is now under way. Improvements are being made in our course offerings and in extra-curricular activities. Faculty members are continuing to improve their competence by further graduate study. Accreditation by the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools earlier this month culminated a year of self-appraisal. As members of the College community we can all be proud of our achievements during the past year. As we resolve to take fuller advantage of opportunities during 1967, we must continue to pursue the high ideals that have been so meaningful in the past.

I am most appreciative of the part each of you has played in making 1966 such a successful year. I wish for each of you the happiest of holidays.

Lewis O. Turner
President



Merry Christmas from the Little Drummer Boy! Robert Keir, director of student activities, gave a repeat performance in one of his rare public appearances at the Club 125 dance. With his tight schedule, GCC was lucky to book him.

GCC Photo By TUNG

A SILENT SCREAM

Wanted: One Ear

By Sue Palmer

It's a sad fact but true — Greenfield Community College does not have a counseling service to handle students' personal problems. The reason given for this is that the State doesn't feel we need one as we are "too small." Also there apparently are no funds available. Nevertheless, we recently conducted a survey on this subject. We felt that, despite our small size, there were enough indications of personal problems among the students to warrant further investigation; these are the results.

Questionnaires were given out to a random sample of students with the following six questions, summarized here:

1. Do you feel a need at G.C.C. for a counselor to handle any personal, emotional, or psychological problems the students might have?
2. Do you know of anyone who would benefit from a counselor?
3. Would you recommend a psychologist, a psychiatrist, both or a physician?
4. Would you prefer a man or a woman?
5. Do you feel that many students would take advantage of this service?
6. Do you feel that you have a problem and would benefit from professional help?

It was interesting to note that of all surveys returned to us, less than a handful were considered invalid, i.e., a few students perhaps took the survey as a joke. The rest were quite serious in nature, and there were several comments which indicated that the question of a counselor had been thought about for some time.

On question one, 90% of the students answered yes and 10% no. Question two has 87% yes and 13% no. On question three, 48% were for a psychologist, 30% for a psychiatrist, 12% thought both would be good, and 10% were for anyone at all. The fourth question came to 55% for a man, 27.5% for a woman, 10% for both, and 7.5% were neutral. Question five has 87% yes and 13% no. Finally, question six reports that 77% of the students answered yes and 23% no.

There is only one significant and intelligent conclusion to make from the results of this survey; something must be done and soon to obtain a school counselor. Advisors try, to be sure; but they are just too busy with vocational counseling to handle serious emotional problems. Furthermore, they are not, for the most part, trained to do so; nor should they be expected to. It is the job of a professionally trained person, and it requires time and money. However, this article was intended only to report and interpret the results of an opinion survey. Obviously, enough students feel a need for a counselor and there should be one at G.C.C. As one student wrote on the survey, perhaps a little pathetically, "Please hurry and get this service."

Not Much Hope

By Fred Morse

In an interview held shortly after the results of the above poll had been figured, Dr. Turner made it clear that until new campus is ready, there will be no professional counselor at G. C. C.

The reasons for lack of a counselling service are primarily monetary. The state of Massachusetts permits one teacher for every eighteen students, and grants funds to the college accordingly. A professional counselor would have to be paid from the teachers' allocation, and, since the correct proportion of teachers has already been installed, there is no money left in the allotment. This allotment is made purely on a ratio basis, regardless of needs.

There are, Dr. Turner says, a few ways around this money problem: 1) enlarge classes or increase teacher-load from four to five classes (this would seem to put unbearable load on teachers); 2) hire a part-time teacher to double as counselor during his or her free time.

Could the present situation be ameliorated, say, by arousing public opinion? Possibly. But it seems that G.C.C. must continue, in much the same condition that it is in now, at least until the opening of the new campus.

The PROMETHEUS

Staff wishes
all of you

A Merry Christmas

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Under The Table



By Brian Gilmore

Well, it's that time of the year again, the rush to get exams and papers in before vacation starts so all the free time will not go to waste. Your Boy Blunder has been hard put lately because of this. With everybody except a special few the Snack Bar has not been as full lately, compounded with your reporter facing the same problem, the quantity of material to cover is not as great as in other months.

One thing for sure, Marlboro Country has come to Greenfield Community College. When the College was broken into, the thieves, among other things, broke into the cigarette machine. With more than a dozen brands to choose from the only one that was missing was Marlboro. This means that the guy on TV, on the horse, was the one that did it.

Well, enough of detective work. My real interesting story this month turns to the site of the new campus. Last week the architect, together with Mr. Charles Greene, Dr. Jacob Padgug, and Dr. Lewis D. Turner, tramped all through the new site. Now if you will think back to just before the semester started, you might remember that the picnic was supposed to be at the new site. In remembering this you might also recall why the spot was changed to Camp Lion Knoll. It seems that the cows in the area of the new building site have, as yet, chosen not to leave their old barn yard. And as we all know, cows have a

Assassination . . .

(Continued from page 2)
still emerged from his right side instead of the expected left side.

In summation, then, I vigorously denounce Governor Connelly's hypothesis as subjective conjecture. Of course, my critics will probably do like-wise with regards to my hypothesis. Still, I profoundly feel that, in the

weak spot to become very messy. Now just picture the big brass and a city-slicker architect tramping through 80 acres of land on a very foggy day. Needless to say, that might not have been mud alone! ! !

The College Social Board has some good news for the clutching cats. At the College Dinner Dance, December 21, the main entry to the ballroom at the Weldon Hotel will become an arch covered with mistletoe, and it seems to me there will be a large number of unofficial greeters at this particular spot. All kidding aside, the Dinner Dance sounds like it will be a good deal; and if you don't want to dance, or don't like to dance, well you can always eat. The menu sounds pretty good: everything from chicken to lobster, and soup to nuts.

It was good to hear that Harvard University got accredited along with Greenfield College. Of course, Harvard was just up for reelection to the association, but that we made it is all that counts.

Other things that caught my evil eye this month were: Mr. George Draper couldn't kick the weed habit; the Green Punkin got a parking ticket; Mr. Del ran around a field for a while when he missed his driveway during the Great Fog, (he was really trying to crack up his car so he could get a new one), not to be out-done by Mr. Del, Barry Herzog made the record of going off the road six times in a row into driveways, thinking he was still on the road. And finally, hearing that great dance band at Club 125, J.P. and the Bandits, and watching the pros good-naturedly slip into their roles as waiters, I say again, hats off to a great faculty and administration. For where else but at G.C.C. could you find a hot ticket like Dr. Padgug? Please Note: Dr. Padgug, dean of students, willingly dressed up as a Cultural Events Pass for the recent rally to booster ticket sales.

light of no new evidence, the Warren Commission's decision should be regarded as "reasonably certain."

Accreditation . . .

(Continued from page 1)
Only three institutions in the state of Massachusetts were recommended for new accreditation. But we joined good company Harvard and Brandeis were re-accredited.

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"the Man's Shop"

A Touch of Home . . .

(Continued from page 2)
serving in Viet Nam may add his name to the list and his full address. The girls will see to the rest.

As one grateful mother wrote: "I think this is a wonderful thing for Miss Spooner and Miss MacLeod to do and on behalf of my son and the rest of my family, I would like them to know we appreciate their concern."

O YE OF
LITTLE FAITH
THE THOG
RETURNETH

Observe Next Issue



JP AND THE BANDITS really swung out with some nifty numbers. Our question, who is playing the piano? Looks familiar. Would you believe it could be some cat named J. Durante? The likeness in manner and pose is striking.

GCC Photo By Tung

SPORTS ROUND-UP

By Bruce Hedquist

This month there seems to be sport topics ad infinitum to talk about. However, I am going to limit this column to three items.

Everyday, since Notre Dame and Michigan State played to a 10-10 tie, I have heard people claim MSU to be the best in the nation. These claims are based on two things: Notre Dame's so-called weaker schedule and the fact that the "Mighty Irish" played defense ball in the last few minutes, not attempting to break the tie. Well, I feel they did the right thing.

Coach Parsegian, of the "Irish", was informed that his quarterback had temporarily limited vision and he did not want to risk a possible game-winning interception by MSU. These same "Monday morning quarterbacks" would have "burned him at the stake," if Parsegian had let the boy throw and Michigan State had intercepted and scored. There should be little doubt, however, after the Southern Cal game, won by Notre Dame 51-0. Yes, that's right, the same team who is going to face Purdue (also beaten by the "Irish") in the once mighty Rose Bowl.

Last year, the Celtic's legendary coach, Red Auerbach, retired and gave the reins over to tall and talented Bill Russell. Some people thought Red's absence would demoralize the team and that the dynasty would then crumble. These "predictors" are probably the same ones who foresaw the deterioration of the "Celts" as soon as "Robbin Robert" hung his shoes up for keeps. But neither in the case of Cousy, nor Auerbach, has anything of the such transpired. Sure, Boston isn't devastating the Eastern Division, as in the past. But that's because of significantly increased capability of the other teams, especially Philadelphia. The Celtics are too poised and mature a team to be upset by these changes. This team will be at the top for a few years to come.

High Hoopster Hopes

By Ken Brady

As the Football season starts to die out, until next year, Basketball begins to rise over the shadows, and show itself once more. Practices have already started in just about every school in the country, both college and secondary. This is where Greenfield Community College comes into the picture.

Last year was the first year that the college had a basketball team. They finished with a 7-2 record overall. Although they have lost most of last year's players, this years team promises to be both talented and exciting. The team has been going all out under new "coach" Paul Gigley, practicing 3 nights a week and putting 'all out'.

So far, the team is comprised of: Charlie Toolley, Bob Eldridge, Barry Dow, Mark Coffey, Bill "Stinger" McDonald, Tom Panek, 'Buzz' Gagne, Richard Gallant, Dan Sullivan, Denny Tetreault, Jack Nowicki, Barry Tegalowski, Mark Sullivan, Dave Thompson and Denny 'The Pinch' Lynch.

This year the team has a 17-game schedule: with all home games being played at the Junior High Gym.

'Coach' Gigley really feels he has a good team on his hands and is looking forward to the on coming season with much enthusiasm. He says, "I feel we've got the team, and the

Finally, there took place last December, a play-off game between the Colts and the Packers. It was miraculous that the Unitasless Colts were playing the Packers; indeed, they were a Cinderella team of a sort that cold wintry day in Green Bay. But the Colts were robbed of pulling another "Bobby Thomson" by two strangely coincidental calls of the officials, both in favor of Green Bay.

Baltimore was protecting a scant 10-7 lead with a few minutes to go in the game. Their defense was superb, doing the job they had to do if they wanted to emerge victorious. The Colts had completely paralyzed the offense of Green Bay. The Packers, with one last-ditch effort, took a punt return back to their 5-yard line. With precious seconds ticking off, the Packers managed to move the ball slowly to the mid-field line. On one of the next plays, Zeke Bratkowski stepped back into the pocket. As he sighted a potential receiver, he cocked and supposedly threw. Two Colt defenders, at the same time, charged and managed to dump ol' Zeke onto Mother Earth. Flags went down all over the place; roughing the passer was called and Green Bay now had a first down on Baltimore's 35. But the game film proved that Bratkowski still had possession when hit.

Then, as if to add insult to injury, the Packers, after three unsuccessful attempts to move closer to "pay dirt," tried a long field goal attempt. It was ruled good and the game was tied. However, again game films not only showed the kicker, Don Chandler, shaking his head in disgust and dejectedly leaving the field after seeing the ball miss the mark, but also showed the ball clearly missing to the left by more than a yard.

Eventually, in overtime, Green Bay kicked another field goal to win. I don't know what happened up there in Green Bay, but something smells fishy!

schedule, all we need now is the student body to come out and support us."

The following is a schedule of approaching games:

Northwestern Conn. Comm. College, Tues., Dec. 20, 8:00, home; Quinsigamond Comm. College, Tues., Jan. 3, 7:00, home; Northwestern Conn. Comm. College, Thurs., Jan. 5, 8:00 Regional #7 School, Barkhamstead, Conn., Northampton Commercial College, Tues., Jan. 10, 7:00, home; North Adams State (freshmen), Thurs., Jan. 12, 6:15 and Sat. Jan. 28, 6:15, Hoosic Gym, Church Street, North Adams; Springfield Tech. Institute, Thurs., Feb. 2, 7:30, Trade High School, Springfield; Northampton Comm. College, Fri., Feb. 3, 8:00, Hawley Jr. High, Northampton; Hampden College of Pharmacy, Tues., Feb. 7, 7:00, home; Mt. Wachusett Comm. College, Thurs., Feb. 9, 7:30, To be announced (away); Springfield Tech. Institute, Tues., Feb. 14, 7:00, home; Quinsigamond Comm. College, Fri., Feb. 17, 8:00, Worcester Boy's Trade Gym; Hampden College of Pharmacy, Thurs., Feb. 23, To be announced (away); Berkshire Comm. College, Sat., Feb. 25, 7:30, Pittsfield Y.M.C.A.; Berkshire Comm. College, Tues., Feb. 28, 7:30; Stockbridge School at UMass, Wed., March 1, 7:30; Mt. Wachusett Comm. College, Tues., March 7, 7:00, all at home.

In Retrospect

Worthy of Note

By Sue Palmer
and Linda Siteman

One of the more enlightening evenings on campus this year took place last Thursday, November 17. Performing before a rather small but nevertheless highly appreciative audience, Charles Greene and Madame Maria Gregoire proved once again that there is no shortage of great talent in the Franklin County and Pioneer Valley areas.

Despite the audience, the acoustics, and any other lack of highly desirable facilities, Mr. Greene and Madame Gregoire treated the selected pieces as if they were giving a Royal Command Performance at the London Palladium. Nothing in what they played was without charm, finesse, and popular appeal. Each Sonata seemed as if it had been written especially for these artists. Mme. Gregoire, as usual, was at her best. Always aware that her audiences love her; she played to them with spirit and enjoyment. Greene, however, amazed everyone, since he is rarely heard in this area in concert. To one who knows next to nothing about the violin, he gave a virtually flawless performance. The handling of the various fortissimos and the contrast of the pianissimos was superb, and apparent to even the most non-musical listener. The togetherness of these two personalities, in music and in presence—for the two are seldom separable—was indeed an evening to remember.

For those who were unfortunate enough to have missed this concert, Mr. Greene and Mme. Gregoire gave another on Thursday evening. This time they were joined by Elizabeth Pickhardt on the violin in an entertaining evening of Baroque music. The Newport harpsichord used by Mme. Gregoire was loaned through the

courtesy of Aldei Gregoire of Charlemont. It was more than worth the time spent to come out and hear them, not just to support the school, but to indulge yourself in pleasure. They were that good.

Critical Review

by Jeff Webster

Presenting a play is like turning on a tap. The water and flouride that streams forth are in actuality the ideas and emotions of the author. The success or failure of a production is determined by the ability of the players to exhibit these abstracts within the framework of a formal structure. When the audience left the G.H.S. Auditorium on the evening of Nov. 19, it took with it an insight into the philosophy of Arthur Miller. **A View From the Bridge** was a success, regardless of the opinion of a local critic.

It was natural at first to see the characters in frames of seference to everyday situations. This feeling of familiarity, however, was soon lost as the stage "became" a neighborhood in Brooklyn. Similarly it took little difficulty to visualize objects which weren't really there. The door to the apartment could be readily pictured as a large brown obstacle, scratched with use and having tarnished brass fixtures.

Especially effective was the lighting. Changing scenes was simply a matter of cutting the lights on one section and concentrating them on another. Timing on the part of the stage manager was precise and if there were any slip-ups, they were not noticeable to the audience.

Another impressive feature was the suitability of the performers to the characters that they portrayed. Whether this was due to the adaptation of the the cast members to their roles or simply to excellent casting is uncertain, but the results were nothing less than ideal. Certainly the role of Marco would have lacked the proper effect had it not been for Mark Coffey's impressive stature. And Les Harris in the role of a harried guardian came across as just that. If, as some said, Harris spoke too fast and not always enunciated clearly, we believe he sounded exactly as one in his frenzied position would. In anger, one does not speak slowly, and pronounce each syllable with clarity. It was not garbled—merely emotion packed, and we hold that there is a difference.

Perhaps Jean Kelly and Dave Brennan were not as convincing as their roles called for, however. As two lovers, in fear of separation, they usually came across as

brother and sister. But there were inspired passages, when the two actually sparked and lost their fear to move on the stage.

Sue Hutchins, bravely going on with badly bruised knees, was a convincing frustrated, fighting not to be jealous, drab housewife.

Similar qualities can be found in each of the other performers which enabled them to assume their "alter egos" in a more than satisfactory manner.

The ability of the cast, combined with their fierce loyalty to a common goal and the excellent directing of Daniel Vi-amonte, has made **A View From the Bridge** a noble successor to previous G.C.C. achievements on the stage.

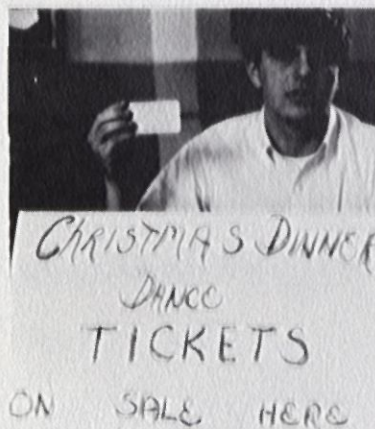
Undone

By Sue Palmer

On a dark, rainy evening not too long ago, in a smoke-filled and dim-lit room, there took place a get-together of certain people from a certain performance of a certain play. As all present were not really a "part" of the performance in a way that some of the others were, it seemed necessary for one of the others to enlighten our not-so-aware-guests of the circumstances which had so warranted this get-together. And so, there appeared in the middle of the floor of this dim-lit room a spokesman for their cause, making an attempt on this rainy evening to present a rather condensed version of that certain performance. This, so it is said, is what was related by our spokesman:

This clay penters around the lagic trife of a nan named Eddie Barbone from Crooklyn, who lorked as a wongshoreman, his bife Weatrice, and their clece Natherine. Wea's rwo mousins, Carco and Todolpho are iggled from Smutaly by whip into the shountry, cere they rake up tesdence in the Barbone's hall smouse. Peter in the lay, Natherine and Todolpho lall in fove. Eddie's statred for Todolpho hems lom his frove for Natherine and from the fact that fe heels Todolpho is got nood enough for her. Cus, Eddie's inner gronflikt throws, until he san see only one way to proolve the soblem—hurn tis cife's wousins in to the Immigureau Bration. Heanwhile, mowever, another bonflikt has arisen between Eddie and Carco; and in the scimactic elene in the belephone tooth, Eddie cakes his mall, but it is loo tate. Carco and Eddie fave a hight, and in the scinal fene Eddie knunges at Carco with a life. In the strolling fuggle, Eddie is dabbed and sties sy the bide of his bife Weatrice.

The storall of the mory is: If you have a ricee to naise, sake mure she doesn't sto to grangers.



A Mistletoe Affair

By Cheryl Imbriglio

If you feel, that G.C.C. does not sponsor enough outside activities, you will be glad to hear that a Christmas dance has been planned at the Weldon Hotel. The theme, Mistletoe Affair, definitely sounds intriguing.

This semi-formal dance (which means cocktail dresses for the ladies and dark suits for the gentlemen) is an annual G.C.C. event to help get the faculty and students into the Christmas spirit after a half semester of tedious work schedules.

The price is only \$5 per couple for four hours (9-1) of delightful dancing to the music of Cliff Simons and buffet to be served at 11 o'clock (This should be of special interest to the gentlemen). The date is Wednesday, December 21 (last day of classes). Plan to celebrate end of classes and the beginning of the holiday season by attending the Mistletoe Affair.

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